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xxxvi. Three things which express better than the tongue what is in a man : his hand, his eye, and his anxiety.

xxxvii. Three things very proper to be possessed of before the uttering of what may be false : a strong faculty of sense to invent, good memory to guard against the contradicting of what has been said beforehand, and a simpleton to listen to what may be uttered.

xxxviii. There are three awkward things, which, when seen, render every thing else awkward in body and mind : the foot, the hand, and the tongue.

xxxix. Three things which accompany every good, that shall be done : worldly emolument, respect and honour from the wise, and joy of conscience.

xl. The three branches of the duty of man : devotion towards God, benevolence to his fellow-creature, and the improvement of sciences.

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## WELSH MUSIC.—No. IV.



*To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.*

SIR,—I come now to one of the most popular airs in Wales, namely, “Codiad yr Hedydd,” or *The Rising of the Lark*.—This is the melody, which the great Haydn admired so much. More stanzas have been written to this tune, perhaps, than to any other. Some, in praise of the fair maids of Merionethshire, are exceedingly beautiful, many of which may be found in Jones’s *Relics of the Bards*. The mode of singing them with the harp is peculiar :—the minstrel plays two bars, or measures of the airs, when the singer takes the subject up and sings two lines ;—the first strain is repeated, and two lines more are sung, then the whole of the second part is sung, which takes up six lines.—The following *imitation* of Welsh rhythm will give the English reader an idea of the style of these stanzas :—

“ Fair Cambria mourns the happy *days* \*,  
 When bardic *lays* inspired,  
 When minstrels struck the trembling *strings*,  
 And noble *kings* admired ;

\* The laudable exertions of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Principality, in forming Societies for the promotion of Welsh Literature, will make Cambria smile again.

And heroes bold, of ancient *blood*,  
For Cambria's *good* expired!"

The melody, next in rotation, is one of the most plaintive strains, that was ever composed, "*Dafydd y Gareg Wen*," or *David of the White Stone House*.—This air is in a minor key, and the tradition is, that a Bard of this name, being on his death-bed, called for his harp and composed it, and he desired it might be performed at his funeral. The words in the selection before me commence thus:—

" Sweet solace of my dying hour,  
Ere yet my arm forget its pow'r,  
Give to my fault'ring hand my shell,  
One strain to bid the world farewell."

A languid variation in common time follows the melody (which is in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time,) with the most beautiful effect, and which no lover of national simplicity can hear without being affected.

" *Blodau'r Grûg*," *The Flowers of the Heath*, is a very lively tune, with a great deal of character about it; yet it is but rarely sung in Wales, owing, I imagine, to the measure not being well adapted to the *Pennillion*. The melody however is very pretty, and calculated to please the general hearer.

" *Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan*," *Captain Morgan's March*. This is a fine bold air, and greatly admired, both in England and Wales. The following lines, with a little alteration as to name, &c. may be applied with great propriety to the founders of the Cambrian Society.

" But now a Prince ascends the throne,  
Who makes the Bardic cause his own;  
A thousand harps in concert rise,  
And Tudor's name salutes the skies."

*Vide Welsh Melodies, p. 24.*

A song, to this air, written in Welsh by the author of this article, in praise of the Welsh Charity School, was sung at the festivals on St. David's Day, 1803 and 1804, accompanied by the Band of the Royal Denbighshire Militia.

" *Y Stwffwl*," *The Door Clapper*. I am sorry, that such a sweet air, as this is, should have such an unmusical name. It is called in many parts of Wales *The withered Leaf*. The words in this selection commence thus:

" Sure form of frail beauty that bloom'd for a while,  
And bade for a season the green forest smile:

Ah! well may'st thou shrink from the pitiless blast,  
And pine for the days that forever are past."

I remain your humble servant,

Dec. 8, 1819.

JOHN PARRY.

P. S. I take this opportunity to observe, that the original Welsh name of the popular air, called "Of noble Race was Shenkin," is "Y Gadlys," or *The Camp Palace*.

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## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

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LETTER VI.

*Bishop PERCY to the Rev. EVAN EVANS; dated EASTON MAUDIT,  
October 15, 1761.*

REV. SIR,—That I have so long defer'd answering your very obliging letter has been altogether owing to the following cause. I proposed sending you a Saxon ode, accompanied with a Latin literal and an English free version; the former done by my very learned friend Mr. Lye, from out of whose curious collections I transcribed both it and the original. But, having left it with him to give it a revise, he has unfortunately mislaid both the original and copy, so that, although he has for this month past occasionally endeavour'd to recover them, he has not been able to succeed. As soon as they emerge from the immense ocean of his papers, you may depend upon receiving this curious specimen of Saxon poetry. In the mean time I would not defer any longer returning you thanks for the curious and valuable contents of your letter. I admire your Welsh ode very much; it contains a large portion of the sublime. The images are very bold and animated, and poured forth with such rapidity, as argues an uncommon warmth of imagination in the bard, whose mind seems to have been so filled with his subject, and the several scenes of the war appear to have so crowded in upon him, that he has not leisure to mark the transitions with that cool accuracy, which a feebler genius would have been careful to have done. It is one continued fiery torrent of poetic flame, which, like the eruptions of *Ætna*, bears down all opposition\*.

\* This Ode is one of those addressed by Gwalchmai to Owain Gwynedd, and is more remarkable for the character here given it, than any other perhaps to be found in any language. It is printed in the *Arch. of Wales*, vol. i. p. 167.—ED.